



TOP TOP TALES

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Hanna-Barbera Yogi Bear Helps Santa





Hanna-Barbera

Yogi Bear Helps Santa

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Yogi Bear peered out over Jellystone's snow-covered hills. "A nosy type hibernating bear like me has to keep an eye on things around Christmas time," he chuckled to sleepy Boo Boo.

"Hey-hey!" Yogi sat up in surprise. "Wake up, Boo! Look who's here today."

"Who, Yogi?" asked Boo Boo sleepily.

But Yogi was already up and out.

"Hi, Santa Claus, sir!" said Yogi.

"Hello, Yogi." Santa gave a weary smile and turned back to the list he was checking. "Yup," he said. "I have a gift for everyone in Jellystone Park — except just one."



"And who is that, sir?" asked Yogi.

"The ranger," said Santa. "I don't know what he wants for Christmas."

"He's my problem, too," grinned Yogi. "But wait a minute —" Yogi looked at a tree phone. "Perhaps I can help you, sir," he said. "Lend me your hat?"



Yogi dialed the ranger's number.

"Hello. Ranger speaking."

"Ho-ho-ho," Yogi chuckled in a deep voice. "Merry Christmas. And what can old Santa bring you for Christmas, Mr. Ranger?"

"Well — a surprise, Santa," said the ranger. "I like surprises on Christmas.

"Wait," he added, "I do have a number one wish, Yog — I mean, Santa. I'd like a good Yogi Bear . . . a summer without Yogi bothering the tourists."

Yogi blushed. "I am afraid that is impossible, sir," he said. "Do you have a number two wish?"





"Yes," said the ranger, "jet-propelled skis so I can keep track of Yogi Bear — if you know what I mean, Santa."

Yogi grinned. "I know what you mean, Mr. Ranger," he said. "Good-bye, sir."



Yogi told Santa about the skis — thinking that even Santa couldn't get a gift not yet invented. But he didn't know Santa!

"My helpers are working on skis like those. But," yawned Santa, "I am too tired to make that long trip back to the Pole to see if the skis are ready."



"Let me go, Santa," said Yogi.

"But you don't know the way," Santa said sleepily.

"No," said Yogi. "But Donner and Blitzen do, don't they?"

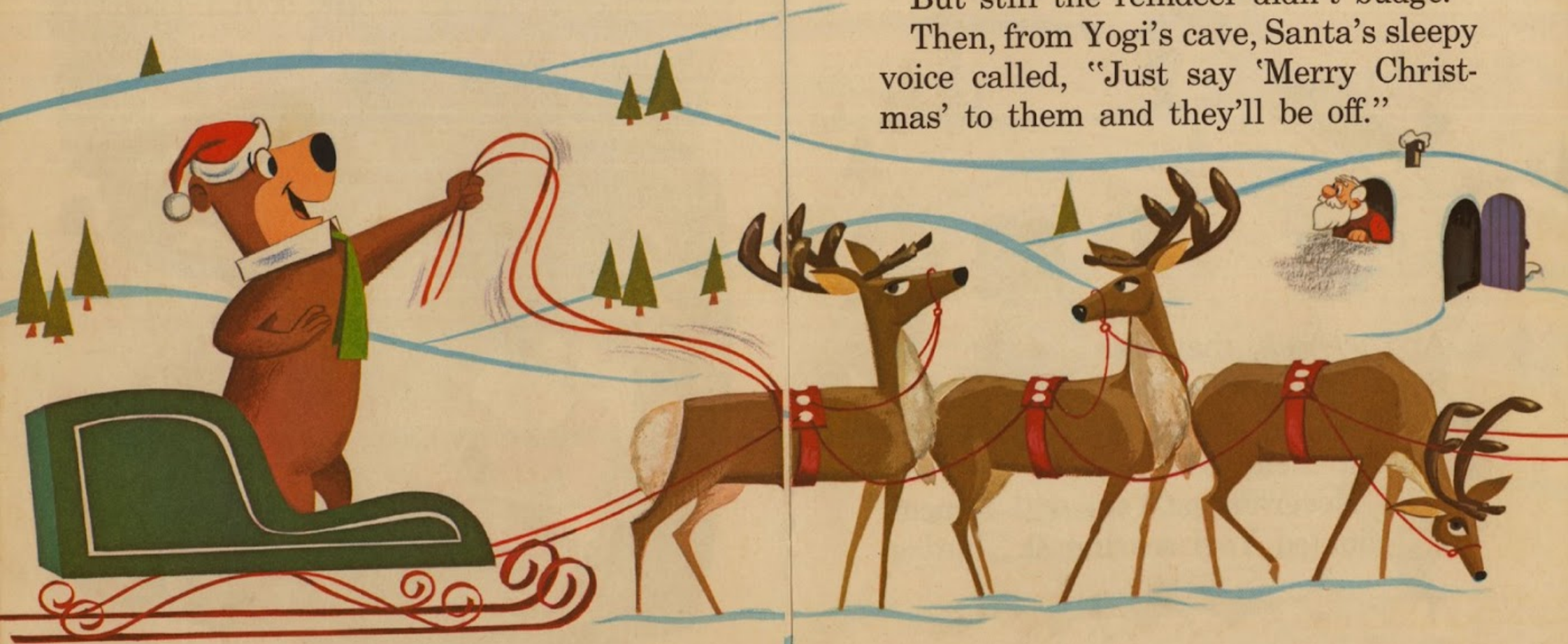
Santa nodded slowly. "They should. They've made the trip often enough."

"Well, then," said Yogi. "You take a nap here. I'll be back before you can say —"

"Zz-zzz!" snored Santa, sound asleep.



Yogi rushed out and jumped into the sleigh. "On, Donner! On, Blitzen!" he ordered.



The reindeer didn't move. Yogi shook the reins. "On, Comet?" he said. "Aw, come on, fellows. Let's go. Please?"

But still the reindeer didn't budge.

Then, from Yogi's cave, Santa's sleepy voice called, "Just say 'Merry Christmas' to them and they'll be off."



And *whoosh*, they were!
Santa called after them. "Remember,
Yogi. Don't say 'Merry Christmas' unless
you want them to take off."
"Old Never-Forget-Yogi will remem-
ber," shouted Yogi soaring skyward.

Yogi waved
to the ranger.



He waved to
some fur trappers,
then . . .



to an Eskimo
boy, and then . . .





to one of Santa's surprised brownies.

"Wh-who are you?" the brownie called. "Where is Santa, and what are *you* doing with his sleigh?"

"Whoa!" said Yogi. "Santa sent me to get those jet skis you are inventing."

"They are all finished," said the brownie, "but we haven't tested them yet."

"You, sir," said Yogi, "are speaking to the world's only ski-testing bear . . . me!"

So the brownie helped Yogi put on the skis and showed him the control buttons.



Yogi tested
the UP button,



the TURN
button,



the DOWN button,



and, after a while, the STOP button!



"Hey-hey!" chuckled Yogi. "These skis are okay! So back to Jellystone Park and Santa."

He turned to wave to the brownie. "Thanks, pal," he called. "And Merry Christmas!"



Too late, old Never-Forget-Yogi remembered Santa's warning. At the words Merry Christmas the reindeer took off, and Yogi was stranded at the North Pole!



Or was he?

"These skis are about to have a *real* test!" said Yogi. "Next stop, Jellystone Park!"

"Good luck," said the brownie, shaking Yogi's hand.

"I'm off," said Yogi, pressing the button marked **FASTER THAN ANYTHING**.

Zoommm! Never before had Yogi left anyplace so fast,



or traveled so strangely,

or stopped so suddenly,



and in such odd places!



"Must be getting close to home," said Yogi looking down. "There's the ranger!"

"Danger! Look out below," he shouted. "Bear coming in for a landing!"

"Yogi! Watch where you're landing," shouted the ranger. "Look out for my Christmas tree!"

Too late!

"Surprise!" said Yogi sitting in the broken tree. He handed the skis to the ranger. "Here is your Christmas surprise, sir — he-he."



"Surprise, indeed!" said the ranger, starting after Yogi.

"But you said you *liked* surprises," Yogi shouted back as he ran. Then he saw Santa just about to take off in his sleigh. "Wait, Santa," puffed Yogi. "Wait for me. I'm going your way."